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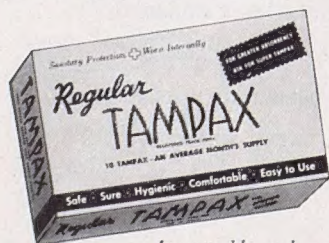
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WHERE to go...

Planning your programme

BY JOHN MANN

WITH spring now fairly under way a great eruption of activity is in prospect. An exceptionally early Easter (27-30 March) has probably hastened matters. *Restaurateurs* and night-life experts report a gratifying increase in present patronage and future bookings, and always this is a pointer to the general liveliness of the social scene.

Racegoers look to March for a big bonus, with the Cheltenham meeting now in progress, the **Grand Military** at Sandown (13-14), the **Lincoln** (16-18) signalling the start of flat racing, and above all the **Grand National** at Aintree (21). Of **point-to-points** those on Saturday include three of the most important: The Beaufort (Didmarton), the Household Brigade (Crowell) and the Cambridge United Hunts Club (Cottenham).

It is by no means too early to start weighing-up your fancy for the **Boat Race** (28). This is probably the most democratic sporting event of them all and possesses the additional advantage of offering little opportunity for lightening your purse.

More news from the salesrooms. **Christie's** have an interesting event on 19 March, when some fine French furniture is to be auctioned. This is believed to have been the property of the original 18th-century Christie, and is being sold by his great-great-grandson, Mr. James Christie, 45, a retired barrister, who lives in a Norfolk manor house. Chief item is a Louis XV marquetry table, which is expected to fetch £5,000.

This sum would buy a couple of houses at the **Daily Mail Ideal Home Exhibition** at Olympia (to 30 March). Although this splendid show has now become ruggedly traditional, it manages to preserve an air of ever-fresh fantasy. It has a scientific trend this year. You may delve there into the mysteries of **Sonic Fish** and **Frosonic Milk**. (I gather that this Sonic stuff catches the one and preserves the other.)

Two art shows well worth seeing are **The New American Painting** at the Tate (until 22 March) and **Young Contemporaries 1959** at the R.B.A. Galleries (until 14 March). The 400 exhibits at the second-named are drawn from art schools all over Britain. Good value for 2s. entrance fee.



THE TATLER TEAM TIPS

(from recent contributions):

Endorsed eating

BY ISAAC BICKERSTAFF

Layton's Wine Lodge, Duke St., Manchester Sq., W.1. "... Free Vintner Layton provides a wide range of unusual wines... and his small restaurant provides good English cooking."

Maison Basque, Dover St., W.1. "French cuisine of high quality with many specialities from the Pyrénées, and some fine wines."

Praised plays

BY ANTHONY COOKMAN

A Taste Of Honey (Wyndham's Theatre). "Miss Delaney has a remarkably good ear for the language of the Lancashire back

streets... we step from a sublimated music-hall sketch to slow moving, realistic drama."

The Grass Is Greener (St. Martin's Theatre). "Theatrically effective... acted with virtuosity... we know exactly where we are."

Fancied films

BY ELSPETH GRANT

Separate Tables. "... acting of unusual brilliance... essentially civilized... Miss Gladys Cooper gives a quite monstrously good performance."

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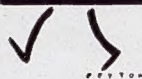
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PASSPORT — a weekly travel column

Shopping and eating in Rome

by DOONE BEAL

IN ROME, more than in most capital cities I know, one is drawn three different ways: to sightsee, to shop and to eat. Even by schoolroom standards, there is so much to see that I shall not, here, make any attempt to chronicle it. Its beauty and history is the subject of many published volumes and I propose, therefore, to confine myself to the more Philistine matters of shopping and eating.

One eats well in Rome, and, judged by capital city standards, cheaply. As always, you must know where to go. The restaurants that look cheap and simple do turn out that way when the bill arrives—but don't expect an Aurora Borealis of flaming brandy, melting butter and silver chafing dishes.

In the Via della Croce, near Piazza di Spagna there is **Cesaretto's**, patronized by film people and writers—an intimate, table-sharing *trattoria* with no frills but good food. At **Othello**, the haunt of artists and sculptors, which has a charming vine-roofed patio for outdoor dining in summer, dinner for two with wine and coffee costs 2,200 lire (just 25s.).

One of the least expensive of all *trattorie* is the artists' restaurant, in the Via Margutta—with a menu at 450 lire (5s.). Fashionable with the Romans, although still a *trattoria* as opposed to a *ristorante*, is **Fontanella** in the Largo Borghese, where the speciality is Tuscan food and game (especially quail).

The whole area of the Trastevere district across the river is lined with *trattorie* too numerous to mention, but all of them fairly cheap and quite off the tourist track. Rather more on the track, but the haunt of Roman gourmets, is **Passetto**, near the Piazza Navona and this one is not cheap. In the Piazza itself are several restaurants, all of them with open-air dining in summer, overlooking the fountains. **Capriccio**, in the Via Liguria (near the Via Veneto) is reckoned by many to provide some of the best international type food in Rome.

It is a paradox that **Georges**, one of Rome's most celebrated restaurants, is the concern of an Englishman, Vernon Jarrett, who was "left behind" after the war. Standing square behind the Excelsior Hotel in the Via Marche, Georges is frankly expensive by Roman standards—a meal might cost you upwards of £2 10s. a head. Gastronomically, the influence tends towards the French. Soft music accompanies your apéritif in the leathery, panelled bar, and the restaurant, although large, is so constructed that every table is in some kind of corner.

I cannot leave the subject of food in Rome without a reference to the

numerous *rosticcerie*:—snack bars in our language, but there the comparison ends. You can make a meal of delicious fried sardines, herb-scented pieces of lamb cooked on a skewer, or little hot fried balls of savoury rice, for 100 lire (1s. 2d.). This is an effective rather than a leisurely repast, since there is nowhere to sit down.

To sit in the sunshine outside **Doney's**, or one of the other three big cafés which face each other across the Via Veneto, is to see life and fashion go by in a big way (in summer, the Romans treat them as a night club and sit until two or three in the morning). In night clubs as such (some of the most notable are **Pipistrello**, **Eight Four** and **Hostaria dell'Orso**, the last in a 15th-century building in Via Monte Brianzo, on the river) prices run from about 1,200 lire for Scotch, 3,500 lire for champagne.

Rome is a somewhat decentralized city, but perhaps its best shopping centre, and also the area of some of the best restaurants, is round the Piazza di Spagna, at the foot of the romantic, flower-stalled Spanish Steps. From here, the Via Condotti, Frattina, Borgonona and Della Vite radiate in a convenient half-mile latticed with interesting side streets, where, so far as shopping is concerned, not a step you take is wasted.

Perhaps the most spectacular of the shops are the men's, and here we must leave any talk of bargains, inasmuch as men's good clothes are never cheap. However, prices are from 10 to 15 per cent less than in London, and luxuries such as pure silk socks, shirts, dressing-gowns and ties in marvellous colours represent a challenge to the peacock instinct which few Englishmen can be expected to pass up.

In the Via Condotti, Rome's most elegant street, famous men's shops include **Cucci**, **Micrelli** and **Battistoni**. At the head of the Spanish Steps in the Via Sistina, is **Romagnoli**. A short walk away in the Via Barberini is the internationally famous **Brioni**, where I sifted through some of the most chic and luscious men's clothes I have ever seen. **Rolands**, in the Via della Croce, is excellent for both men's and women's leather coats. Equally at **Funaro**, nearby in the Via del Convertite, can be found beautiful hand-stitched Russian leather bags, belts and other accessories: leather is altogether one of the best buys in Rome.

I must not give the impression that the women's shops are exactly overshadowed by the men's, but on the surface they tend to look less spectacular. Do not be put off by an apparent lack of selection. Italian

continued on page 422

Nueva Armonía para las Tres Gracias!

*New Grace for the Three Graces . . . and already there's olés unlimited for the new Consul, Zephyr and Zodiac! Ford's masters of automobile *haute couture* have decreed the line for '59: lower, sleeker—achieves a new look that's gay, powerful, purposeful. Inside, too, there's new and original beauty . . .*



... Ford stylists have created an all-new fascia panel, with the latest long-and-elegant 'squared' speedometer . . . for the all-new seating they've chosen chic patterned materials as well as subtle new variants of the simple classic shades. Ford always sets the fashion, as every motoring *aficionado* knows: better see the new-for-'59 Consul, Zephyr and Zodiac at your nearest Ford Dealer's now! And from John Cavanagh . . . new grace for the daydress in mohair and wool. High fashion points: cascading fullness from the shoulders, high-set calf belt, stoll-like 'curtain' ending just above hemline. The beret is in matching material.



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Mr. & Mrs. Alexander Montgomery cut the cake at the reception after their marriage at Holy Trinity, Brompton. The bride, formerly Miss Penelope Keens, is the only daughter of Mr. & Mrs. F. F. Keens, Kimpton Grange, Kimpton, Herts. Mr. Montgomery, whose home is at Wensleydale, P.O. MacKeke, Southern Rhodesia, is the son of Mrs. & the late Mr. J. A. J. Montgomery, Benwarden, Dervock, Co. Antrim



Tom Hustler

THE
Tatler
& BYSTANDER

Vol. CCXXXI No. 3008

4 March 1959

TWO SHILLINGS WEEKLY

NEXT WEEK: *Spring Fashion Number*, with enlarged fashion section on new designs in the shops now. ALSO: *The Queen's Trainer*, an eve-of-the-flat picture feature on Capt. Boyd-Rochfort; and *Shopkeepers Supreme*, presenting some of the great retailers of the day

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SOCIAL JOURNAL

Hail & farewell at the Argentine Embassy

by JENNIFER

VASES OF SPRING FLOWERS filled the suite of ground-floor reception rooms at the Argentine Embassy in Belgrave Square, when the Argentine Ambassador & Mme. Hartung entertained more than 300 guests. The occasion was a reception they gave to bid farewell to Admiral Colman, the retiring Naval Attaché, and Brig. Street, the retiring Air Attaché, who are shortly leaving to take up other appointments in their own country. The party was also to meet Admiral & Mme. Ares; he has recently arrived to take up his appointment as the new Naval Attaché at the Embassy. Guests included many Latin-American friends, members of both Houses of Parliament and of the Diplomatic Corps.

Earlier that evening I had been along to the Woolavington Wing of the Middlesex Hospital to see one of the sweetest and most beautiful South American ladies in this country, Mme. Ofelia Mendoza, who is in there recovering from a motor car accident. Courageous and patient, with one leg broken and suspended in a cradle, a broken arm in plaster, and other injuries so severe that she cannot move at all, she was full of gratitude and praise for the doctors and nurses, and all the care she had received in this great hospital.

Soft drinks were taken

The following evening I went to the Nepalese Embassy in Kensington Palace Gardens where the Nepalese Ambassador & Srimati Manandhar gave a large reception to celebrate the National Day of Nepal. It was interesting to see that, as is customary on this fête day, no alcohol was drunk in celebration; only soft drinks were offered to the guests. Among friends I met at these two diplomatic parties were the Hon. George Ward, the hard-working, Secretary of State for Air, Capt. Christopher Soames, M.P., the Secretary of State for War, who arrived just as I was departing, the Luxembourg Ambassador and his attractive wife who were as usual radiating enjoyment and friendliness, the Irish Ambassador & Mrs. McCann, the Danish Ambassador and the Lebanese Ambassador who arrived alone, as did the Mayor of Westminster, Mr. David Cobbold (his wife was laid up with the prevalent influenza).

I also met Sir Guy Salisbury-Jones, Lord & Lady Grantchester, and Mr. Richard Quarry with his attractive wife. Her brother Major Bengough is one of our leading National Hunt amateurs, and will be riding at the Cheltenham National Hunt Festival this week.

M.P.s had a fright

A false alarm that there was a division in the House made several of the guests rush back to Westminster from a good cocktail party which Mr. John Hall, the M.P. for High Wycombe, and his charming wife gave in their roomy London flat. Happily one M.P., who arrived straight from the House after the others had left, was so surprised at the news that he quickly telephoned for confirmation and found that all was well and no division was imminent. Miss Felicity Hall was there to help her parents and among friends I met there were the Swiss Ambassador Monsieur Armin Daeniker who was talking to Mr. Frederic Bennett, the M.P. for Torquay. He is also P.P.S. to the Paymaster-General, Mr. Maudling, and has been with his chief on the Continent frequently this winter on trade conferences for a free trade area.

Also there were Mr. Tim Pitman, M.P. for Bath, Lady Smyth, whose husband Sir John Smyth, v.c., is M.P. for the Norwood Division of Lambeth, Mrs. Frederick Erroll looking bronzed and attractive after a trip to South America and the West Indies (her husband who is Economic Secretary to the Treasury was too busy to get along), Mr. & Mrs. Stuart Don, Mr. & Mrs. Stephen Robinson, and Mr. Basil de Ferranti and his pretty young wife. They worked hard to hold Morcambe & Lonsdale at the bye-election last November, and are continuing to do so to win the seat at the general election.

Polo plans from a sick bed

Hundreds of readers who through the summer months enjoy watching polo at Windsor will be sorry to hear of another victim of a bad motor smash. That is Mr. Geoffrey Cross, the efficient, helpful and charming honorary secretary of the Household Brigade Polo Club, of which Prince

Philip is president and Col. W. H. Gerard Leigh of the Life Guards the chairman. Mr. Cross has been for several weeks in Princess Christian Nursing Home in Windsor recovering from his injuries, but has now been moved by ambulance to his home, where he will have to remain in bed until about the middle of this month. All polo enthusiasts will join me in wishing him a speedy recovery.

In spite of his injuries he kindly sent me a letter with a few details of plans for next season. It opens on Smith's Lawn, Windsor Park, on Sunday, 19 April. The team will be playing again on 26 April and from then on every Saturday and Sunday throughout the summer until 30 August. The Ascot Week Tournament, one of the top events of the season, starts on Saturday, 13 June, and play will take place each afternoon after racing throughout Royal Ascot, with the finals of the Royal Windsor Gold Cup and a High Goal Match on Sunday, 21 June. The previous day, Saturday, 20 June, will be an important one, too, as the finals will then take place of the Smith's Lawn Cup, the Friar Park Cup and the Oxford v. Cambridge inter-Varsity Match.

Much has been done at Windsor in the way of stands and car parking facilities for the comfort of the public who enjoy watching polo. It is a pleasant way of spending an afternoon to motor down from London and sit (in brilliant sunshine—we hope!) watching one of the fastest and most exciting games in the world, played in a perfect setting in the heart of Royal Windsor Park.

A springlike wedding

The feeling that spring was near struck one on entering St. Martin-in-the-Fields for the marriage of Capt. Peter Tower, Coldstream Guards, son of Lt.-Col. & Mrs. Kinglake Tower, and Miss Selina Hervey-Bathurst, daughter of Sir Frederick Hervey-Bathurst & Mrs. Hervey-Bathurst. (Picture on page 398.) Bunches of cerise tulips, daffodils, and camellia leaves were fixed on the outside of every pew up the long aisle, and huge vases of lilac and mixed spring flowers stood on each side of the chancel steps.

The bride, who was given away by her brother Mr. John Hervey-Bathurst, looked radiant in an exceptionally pretty wedding dress designed for her by Bellville et Cie. This was made of white spotted net with a draped bouffant skirt falling into a train, and her tulle veil was held in place by a diamond tiara. She was attended by seven children; the three pages Alexander Gordon-Watson and Dominic and James Wigan wore replicas of the full dress uniform of the Coldstream Guards. The four little girls, Bridget Gordon-Watson, the Hon. Mary Butler, Susan Harrington and Caroline Methuen, wore long white spotted net dresses with white satin bows on their heads.

The tall, good-looking mothers of both bride and bridegroom wore black hats with their black silk dresses and looked chic as they greeted guests at the Hyde Park Hotel where the reception was held.

A nonagenarian uncle

Among a large number of relations and friends I saw the bride's grandmother Mrs. Charles Gordon, Col. & Mrs. Michael Gordon-



Yevonde

Miss Joanna Hirsch to The Hon. Simon Mackay: She is the daughter of Major & Mrs. J. H. Hirsch, Sungrove Lodge, Newbury. He is the son of the 2nd Earl of Inchcape and of Mrs. Leonora Tompkins, Vt., U.S.A.



Miss Victoria M. Dennistoun to The Hon. John Lawrence: She is the daughter of Major & Mrs. J. Dennistoun, Antwick Stud House, Letcombe Regis. He is the only son of Lord & Lady Oaksey, Hill Farm, Oaksey, Wilts



Bassano



Vivienne

Lady Anne Pery to Lt.-Col. Peter Francis Thorne: She is the daughter of the Earl & Countess of Limerick, Chiddinglye, West Hoathly. He is the son of General Sir Andrew & the Hon. Lady Thorne, Knowl Hill House, nr. Reading

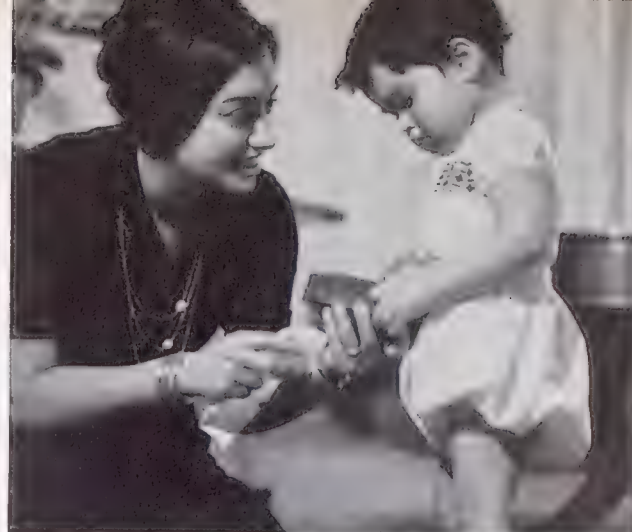


Miss Patricia A. Wilmot to Captain William J. Stockton, The Royal Scots Greys: She is the daughter of the late Major Sir Arthur Wilmot, Bt., and Mrs. C. F. Cathcart, Pitcairnie, Fife. He is the son of Lt.-Col. & Mrs. J. Stockton, Hagley, Stourbridge, Worcs

Other People's Babies

LOUISE (seven years) and Michele (two years), daughters of Mr. & Mrs. P. Q. Henriques, The Barn House, Broxton, Cheshire

Desmond Groves



Barry Swaebø

GABRIEL, two years, with his mother, the Hon. Mrs. J. Tennant, Chapel St., S.W. The Hon. James Tennant is a merchant banker in the city

Watson, Mr. & Mrs. Dare Wigan and their daughter Lola, the bridegroom's great-uncle Major Graham Sandeman (he is 96 years old and was in tremendous form) with his wife, the bridegroom's brother Mr. Alistair Tower, who was one of the ushers, and his pretty wife, the younger daughter of General Sir "Boy" & Lady Browning (Daphne du Maurier), the Dowager Lady Dunboyne, Mrs. Derowald Innes and her son Malcolm who was an usher, Lady Llewellyn, Col. & Mrs. Philip Tower and Mr. & Mrs. Cedric Terry, the Earl & Countess of Marnesbury and their daughter Lady Nell Morris, Field Marshal Sir Gerald Templer with Lady Templer, who looked attractive wearing a gay little swansdown hat, Lady Maureen Methuen, and General Lord Jeffreys with his daughter-in-law Lady Rosemary Jeffreys; her son and daughter-in-law Capt. & Mrs. Mark Jeffreys were there, too.

Lord Dunboyne joined his wife at the reception as he could not get away in time to get to the church; their little daughter was one of the bridesmaids. I also met Mrs. Frederick Hervey-Bathurst pretty in red, Col. & Mrs. Vincent Dunkerley, Mr. & Mrs. Raymond Salter, Mr. Richard Westmacott, Capt. Trevor Dawson who came alone as his wife was "nanny" for the afternoon, Major Mervyn Vernon, Captain John Greener who is in the bridegroom's regiment and now stationed in London, and Major & Mrs. Andrew Mayes who have also returned to live in London. He, too, is in the Coldstream Guards.

Mr. Simon Batt, the best man, proposed the health of the young people, who left for their honeymoon in Switzerland with the good wishes of all their friends.

Belgravia has a bazaar

Mr. James Liddell-Simpson, chairman of the North Kensington branch of the Feathers Club, lent his charming house in Wilton Place for a "Bring and Buy Bazaar" to raise funds for this branch of the club. There are six Feathers Clubs in London now; they were originally started before the war by the Marquesa de Casa Maury whom I saw at the bazaar. The clubs are run in the poorer districts of London for boys and girls from 8-18 years and give a wonderful amount of enjoyment to young people.

This informal little bazaar, where they had also squeezed in a tombola and a fortune-teller, was successful beyond all expectations and raised the splendid sum of £400.

Mr. Liddell-Simpson was an indefatigable host, there to greet everyone, also to see they quickly found something to buy. Lady Rose Bligh I met busy running the tombola. Others helping this splendid effort were Mrs. Hugh Lee, Mr. Tony Metherell, who both worked hard, Mrs. Cheyne, Lady Des Voeux, Miss Rachel Verdin, Miss Linda McNair-Scott escorted by Mr. Jim Macdonald Buchanan (who brought some beautiful flowers to be sold for the club from his family home), and the Hon. Mrs. Czernin and Mr. I. Dear who ended up by auctioning some of the gifts. Col. & Mrs. Gerald Critchley looked in for a while and made some purchases, as also did Lady d'Avigdor-Goldsmid, Miss Diana Harrison, Mr. Richard Baker Wilbraham, Miss Pamela Henderson and Miss Verity Lawrence, who is busy planning her wedding which takes place in the country at the end of next month.

This film thrilled me

I went to the world première of *Danger Within* at the Odeon, Leicester Square, and found it enthralling. Michael Wilding is the guest star in a brilliant male cast which is directed by Don Chaffey and includes Richard Todd, Richard Attenborough and Bernard Lee with Dennis Price, Donald Houston and Peter Arne. The film has been superbly produced by Colin Lesslie who was at the première with his wife. Other personalities of the film world I saw at the première included Kenneth More (happily now having recovered from his tropical jaundice) with his wife, Mr. & Mrs. Jack Hawkins, Mr. Mike Frankovich, Max Bygraves and his wife, Dan Dailey and Richard Attenborough with his actress wife Sheila Sim who have scored many stage successes together. Also Mr. & Mrs. Richard Todd (he was having to dodge persistent auto-graph hunters), Mr. Stephen Mitchell the impresario, Mr. Ivan Foxwell who produced *The Colditz Story*, accompanied by Lady Edith Foxwell, Mr. & Mrs. John Rogerson, and Lady Millicent Tylour, who like her mother the late Rose Marchioness of Headfort is an inveterate first-nighter.



Baron Studios

NICHOLAS, three years, son of the Hon. Piers & Mrs. St. Aubyn, Lodge Farm House, Ringmer, Sussex



Barry Swaebø

THE MASTER OF LESLIE, seven months, with his mother Lady Leslie, Yeoman's Row, S.W.3. He is the Earl of Rothes' heir



Major R. Collie of the Fernie Hunt won the cross country race



Major Sir William Pennington Ramsden is a joint-Master of the Grafton



Mrs. R. Hoare (her husband is joint-Master of the Cottesmore) presented the Ladies' Cup to Mrs. R. Bird, second in the race



Mr. M. D. McAlpine (also a joint-Master of the Cottesmore) with Lt.-Col. Sir Henry Tate (chairman of the Cottesmore) and Col. N. Johnstone

Miss K. Player, a visitor from the Meynell (below)



The MELTON

Hunt Club cross-country race at Whissendine, Rutland



The VINE

hunt ball at the Corn Exchange, Newbury, Berks

PHOTOGRAPHS BY P. C. PALMER



Lady Anne Rhys (her husband was chairman of the Hunt committee) with Mr. Patrick Milmo

The GRAFTON

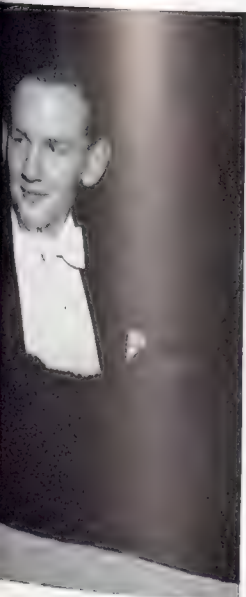
hunt ball at Tyringham

House near Newport Pagnell

PHOTOGRAPHS BY A. V. SWAEBE

Mrs. Michael Summerfield and Mr. H. S. Killick who farms in Northampton

Mr. Philip Bryant and Lady Bates. There were 250 guests at the ball



Mr. W. B. Porter (he is the honorary secretary of the Vine) and Mrs. Leslie Horton



Lt.-Col. & Mrs. P. M. Wiggin (members of the Vine). Chairman of the ball committee was Mrs. F. G. R. Brittorous



Actress Constance Cummings with her husband, playwright Benn Levy. The picture is Arshile Gorky's *The Calendars*. Miss Cummings collects modern paintings



Miss Anne Narbeth (of the American Embassy) and Mr. J. Nicholson looking at Adolf Gottlieb's *The Burst*

Mr. E. J. Power (chairman of Murphy Radio Ltd.) and Dr. Carl Bode, cultural attaché at the U.S. Embassy

American paintings

Opening day of an exhibition at the Tate of post-war U.S. "abstract expressionist" and "action" works





Mr. Porter A. McCray (director of the international programme at the New York Museum of Modern Art) with **Miss Dorothy C. Miller** (curator of collections there). She selected the paintings



Mrs. Dorinda Grey and **Miss Celia Wenger**. Miss Wenger was a débutante last year. Seventeen American artists are represented in the exhibition



Professor J. M. Richards (editor of the *Architectural Review*) with **Sir John Rothenstein** (director of the Tate Gallery)



Mrs. Norman Laski. She helped to organize the *British Artists Craftsmen* exhibition which is touring America

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DESMOND O'NEILL



Mr. Mark Batten, president of the Royal Society of British Sculptors

EXTRA-MURAL

*occasions at Oxford and
Cambridge Universities*

THE OXFORD POINT-TO-POINT HELD AT LOCKINGE, BERKS



Above: Col. H. St. G. MacDowell (he lives in the Heythrop country) with his daughters Brigid and Penelope. Above, right: Mrs. Gay Kindersley and Mr. G. Kindersley. He rode in one of the races

Mrs. G. E. Coles (her Jungle Castle ran in the Open) with her daughter, Denise, who is having a coming-out party in June



Mr. M. Connell of the Oxford University Drag Hunt won the Newton Challenge Cup on Sea Hunt at Lockinge

P. C. Palmer



Miss Wendy Highland and Mr. Michael Hession. A nephew of the Rev. Brian Hession, he is studying medicine at Christ's College and is also editor of Gemini

Mr. Barry Lacey (he studies Mechanical Science at Emmanuel College, Cambridge) with his fiancée, Miss Tessa Olive



Miss Alison Sturley (a Girton College student) with Mr. John Boulton, the organizer of the ball. He is studying Economics at Corpus Christi

Van Hallan



THE CAMBRIDGE (U.N.O.) VALENTINE BALL HELD AT THE TOWN'S GUILDHALL

PRIVATE VIEW OF OXFORD BARGE PAINTINGS HELD AT KEBLE COLLEGE

Peter Espe



Warden of New College, Sir William Hayter, K.C.M.G. (former British Ambassador in Moscow), with the Rev. Canon J. M. D. Kelly, D.D. (principal of St. Edmund Hall)



Sir Herbert Thompson who rowed for Oxford in 1921. With him were Mrs. Elizabeth Deighton and Mr. K. Rowntree who painted the Oxford College barges and was recently awarded the Ford Foundation Grant



Below: Lady Hilbery with Mr. R. Campbell (secretary of the Wadham College Boat Club and President of the J.C.R. Art Committee). Below, left: Mr. S. S. Bromley (a fellow of Keble College) and Dr. Cecil Roth (lecturer in Jewish history at the University)



Miss Diana Gent (an archaeology student at Girton) with Mr. Michael Lindsay, who is reading History at King's College, Cambridge

Caribbean music from Russ Henderson and his Trinidad Steel Band who provided the cabaret



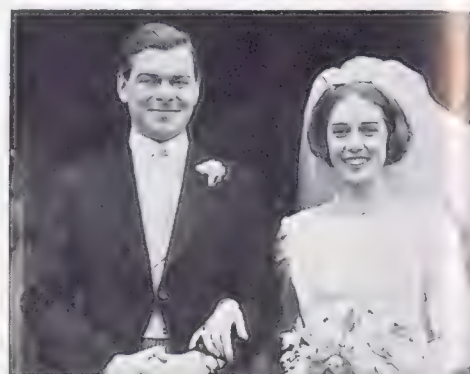
Picton Evans—Patten: Miss Susan Picton Evans, youngest daughter of Mr. & Mrs. R. A. L. Picton Evans, Meadowside, Chorley Wood, Herts, married Mr. Peter J. MacDougall Patten, eldest son of Mr. & Mrs. M. Patten, Hillbrow, Chorley Wood, Herts, at Chorley Wood Church



Merton Jones—Carnegie-Brown: Miss Sally Merton Jones, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. E. T. Merton Jones, Pollards Hill, Limpsfield, Surrey, married Mr. Adam H. Carnegie-Brown, son of Mr. & Mrs. C. W. Carnegie-Brown, Tanganyika, at St. Lawrence Jewry, E.C.2



Sharp—Rothery: Miss Pamela Sharp, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. F. Sharp, Autumn Cottage, Ledborough Wood, Beaconsfield, married Mr. Richard C. Rothery, The Royal Irish Fusiliers, son of Mr. & Mrs. A. Rothery, Stoke Bishop, Bristol, at Holy Trinity, Brompton



Cooper—Carr: Miss Elspeth M. M. Cooper, elder daughter of Mr. & Mrs. J. Cooper, Goddard's Green, Benenden, Kent, married Mr. Andrew Lambton Carr, younger son of Mr. & Mrs. H. L. Carr, De Vere Gardens, London, W.8, at St. George's, Benenden

Hervey - Bathurst — Tower: Miss Selina Hervey-Bathurst, daughter of Sir Frederick Hervey-Bathurst, Bt., New York, & of Mrs. Hervey-Bathurst, Stockbridge, Hants, married Capt. Peter Tower, son of Lt.-Col. & Mrs. Tower, Whitechurch, Hants, at St. Martin - in - the - Fields

Sugden—Lushington: Miss Diana Florence Sugden, daughter of General Sir Cecil & Lady Sugden, Ovington Street, S.W.3, married Mr. Roger G. L. Lushington, son of Mr. & Mrs. G. L. L. Lushington, Woodlawn Park, Loose, near Maidstone, Kent, at Holy Trinity Church, Brompton



Johnson-Girling: Miss Jane M. B. Johnson, only daughter of Lt.-Col. J. H. F. Johnson, Warham Road, Croydon, married Captain Marcus Girling, younger son of Mrs. & the late Col. F. E. B. Girling, King's Road, Fleet, Hants, at Croydon Church



You need more than trumps to come out on top at bridge

says MARY
MACPHERSON

BRIDGE is becoming popular again. For my part I greet the news with the same enthusiasm as I would if told that four cases of Black Death had been diagnosed in my street.

"Oh, but you must learn to play bridge," people say earnestly. They tell you to think of the intellectual stimulus. They add: "And of course you meet so many charming new people." Putting aside the intellectual stimulus (which most people do anyway, as soon as they have cards in their hands), I can assure any teeterers on the brink that I, certainly, have never struck up an abiding new friendship across the bridge table. On the contrary, what I come across are the same old people in unpleasant new guises.

The charmingly diffident young bachelor, for example, who begs across your dinner table for just a little more of that delicious *risotto* becomes, once he is snapping the cards lovingly through his hands, a martinet of the old school. His opening remark to his partner will be that good old terror-striker: "Blackwood and Forcing Two, partner?" This is about as efficient a conversational dead-end as has ever been invented.

And don't bank on your charm to lighten up the situation. No matter how sparkling your eyes, you may as well keep them shut for all the effect they'll have on someone whose perfectly good ace has just been trumped by his perfectly hopeless partner.

For the past 20 years or so, un-bridge players have been reasonably safe. Bridge was largely relegated to something that went on at tennis clubs when rain stopped play. Anyone below the age of 40 was averse to admitting knowledge of it. The game carried a miasma of tea parties in Kensington and old ladies misdealing in uneven lace dresses.

Now, however, a rash of bridge evenings is breaking out all over London—and, for all I know, the Provinces as well. If you are not already a hapless victim, you will undoubtedly soon become one. Here, then, is some advice and information which will be every bit as useful as a fistful of trumps:

¶ Bridge is a game played by three eager people and one gloomy one. (Ardent bridge players, like fanatic cigarette smokers, will accept an inferior brand—of fourth—if nothing better is available.)

¶ Discount all information handed out by other players. I personally have discovered it to be either an outright and blatant insult to my intelligence ("Now, dear, have a good look at your hand, and if you've got a nice high heart card . . ."), or a malicious blend of irresponsible confusion ("Oh, no, partner—when I doubled their spades after opening two clubs you should have assumed at once I wanted a diamond lead . . .").

¶ Always remember that though it is *nominally* the people on either side of you who are your opponents, the person sitting opposite (called, wittily, your "Partner") is also secretly and passionately longing for your downfall. I do not attempt to explain this. Experts will tell you that the point of

continued overleaf

BRIGGS by Graham



bidding is to tell your partner roughly (or concisely, if you're that sort of a cheat) what cards you have in your hand. My advice is basically different. My advice is: Don't tell anybody anything, as whatever you say will be wrong, and anyway I like to spring merry surprises on my partner during the course of the game.

Conventions: These are a sort of idiot code that most bridge players know about, but not all bother to stick to. One of them is called the Two Clubs Convention. This is a suicidal manoeuvre whereby if you have anything like a decent hand you say "Two Clubs" and, next thing you know, your partner has eased you into Six Spades, doubled. Personally, if I have a good hand, I like to mess up someone else's contract, rather than make a fool of myself blundering through one of my own.

Blackwood's: another convention. Your partner looks sharply at you and says: "Four No Trumps." This means, as everyone knows, "Have you any aces?" Of course, if he simply looked at you and said, "Have you any aces, partner?" no decent man would ever speak to him again. (Bridge is an intelligent game for intelligent people, as you will undoubtedly have been told.) I have not yet learnt the response to this, though I daresay it is something equally logical. Anyway I am the kind of bridge player who feels glasses don't suit her, and something that is unmistakably an ace when I first glance at my cards has mysteriously turned into a two when it comes to bidding.

Learn to know and use certain vital phrases. Such as:

"Sorry, partner, distribution was against me" (I lost count of trumps second time round).

"I haven't played such an interesting hand in years" (I had just about every court card in the pack).

"I'm afraid I don't understand your bidding, partner" (What damfool thing are you going to say next?).

Everyone will tell you that they absolutely adore playing bridge, as long as there's none of that post-mortem business. Absolute nonsense. Your true game of bridge only begins when the last trick is taken. Be quick off the mark here. No matter what rubbish you say, say it first: "Pity you discarded the club early on—it was good you know." "It's always worth trying to finesse the Queen." "You could have gone on ruffing for two more rounds." "Why on earth didn't you lead back spades?"

But here is the best advice of all—and I wish someone had given it to me before I got fascinated by the wretched game: If you feel in need of intellectual stimulus, get it for nothing at the Public Library. That way it won't cost you either money or friends.

SAUNA *in the* SNOW

photographed by

GERTI
DEUTSCH



THE SCRAPS of discarded clothing draped on the chairs in the picture above suggest, correctly, that the owners have gone bathing. For at Seefeld, in the Austrian Tyrol, swimming (in slightly warmed water) goes on despite the winter snow on the other side of the windows. At the rear of the building, almost tunnelling its way into the mountain, there is also a Sauna—the steam bath which originated in Finland and is now becoming popular all over the world. (London has one at Finland House in the Haymarket.) The original Sauna is a vigorous affair—in Finland one is beaten with twigs and thrown into the snow. But at Seefeld's Hallenbad-Sauna the tired skier merely reclines peacefully on his bunk and relaxes in the hot steam. Thoroughly rested, he plunges into the pool to tone up the blood circulation. For the bather, the Sauna-enthusiast or the onlooker there is a bar near one end of the pool. The village of Seefeld with its medieval church is built on a wide plateau near Innsbruck. In recent years it had become increasingly popular, both as a summer and winter resort.





Alan Vines



NEWS

PORTRAITS

BREAK-IN? Gavin Waddell (with one fashion show already to his credit) is the first young man to challenge single-handed the dominance of London's top designers. Aged 21, the son of a naval commander, he designed his first dresses when he was 12. After three years at the St. Martin's School of Art he tried unsuccessfully to join the best-known designers and then decided to start on his own. The picture was taken in his Kensington workroom, whose furnishings include a grand piano. In the background: his sister and favourite model, Sasha (16), and his assistant, Miss Anne Gooch



Alan

BIOGRAPHER Mr. James Pope-Hennessy, biographer and author of travel books, has completed the 750-page biography of the late Queen Mary which the Queen commissioned three years ago. Publication is expected in September. Mr. Pope-Hennessy wrote this book after studying Queen Mary's correspondence and letters in the Windsor archives. His research work also took him to Germany

BEQUEST In 1933 during the Nazi persecution in Berlin, Mrs. Lottie Bloch (*below*) followed her artist husband Martin to the safety of Denmark. The paintings she smuggled out with her in the box shown here are the only works surviving from the period up to that date. They are being shown for the first time in public at the retrospective exhibition which opens at the Kaplan Galleries in Duke Street, St. James's, today. Martin Bloch died in London five years ago

Ida Kar



Gertr. Deutsch

BARITONE Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau is to give a recital of the Schumann song cycles (opus 35 and 39) at the Royal Festival Hall on Monday. Gerald Moore will be his accompanist. Fischer-Dieskau, who has been the first lyric baritone of the Stadtische Opera, Berlin, since 1948, is a regular soloist and distinguished lieder exponent at the music festivals of Europe



Chez

BERNARD BUFFET

Following their secret wedding late last year the French artist and his novelist wife have settled in a château in Provence, shown in these pictures



BERNARD BUFFET, 31, whose paintings reputedly earn him £40,000 a year, lives in the Château de l'Are (above) in the countryside between Marseille and Aix-en-Provence where Cézanne once painted. But unlike Cézanne and Van Gogh, who needed the strong Provençal light, Buffet does most of his painting at night.

His wife Annabel, an actress before their secret wedding last year, is a close friend of Françoise Sagan. Her first book *Comme tout le monde* was published last month. Unlike her husband she works during the day—except presumably when she is sitting to him. Buffet has completed several portraits of his wife, who, he says, is “*un véritable sphinx*” and his best model. (She can sit for two hours at a time without moving a muscle.) He is now working on another (left).

Buffet's studio on the first floor of the 19-room château is a jungle of paints, brushes and canvases into which the housekeeper is forbidden to enter. In the last 12 years Buffet has painted more than 2,000 pictures and his exhibitions have opened in a glare of

continued overleaf

Chez
**BERNARD
BUFFET**

concluded

publicity normally associated with film premières. The fourth of his "one subject" exhibitions opened in Paris last month. The 20 canvases depicted a deserted New York. (Previous exhibitions were devoted to the circus, Joan of Arc, and Paris.) This exhibition has been only a moderate success, bringing murmurs that the Buffet bubble is about to burst. But Bernard Buffet continues to paint at his château. His paintings cover every wall. The one in the drawing-room (*below*) is an early work: *The horrors of war*.

The Buffets live simply. Both are keen riders—there are three white horses in the stables (*right*), and they keep several dogs including the black greyhound (*below, right*).



VERDICTS

on new plays, films, books and records



Miles Malleson,
who produces the
curtain-raiser,
Sganarelle, and
plays the role
as well

Running-in Molière at the Old Vic

THEATRE
by Anthony
Cookman

FRENCH CLASSICAL ACTING, as the Comédie Française are shortly coming over to demonstrate, combines an elegant ability with extreme intellectual clarity. It perfectly suits the masterpieces of their theatre, which are either pure and simple comedies or tragedies no less pure and simple. Really to enjoy this acting we have to bring French minds to it and assume (what we do not for a moment believe) that if a thing is a matter for laughter it cannot possibly be also a matter for tears.

The thing is difficult, but we know from experience that the attempt is well worth making, and it is no bad preparation meanwhile to repair to the Waterloo Road, where the Old Vic company are trying their hand at Molière. They are doing *Sganarelle* and *Tartuffe* in Mr. Miles Malleson's free adaptations, and if their playing lacks the pace proper, both to the farce and the comedy, it has a good English gusto and a vigorous sense of the comic occasion.

Mr. Malleson has a civilized appreciation of Molière and a theatrical tact that tells him when a good conventional stage effect is to be preferred to a pedantically correct rendering of some 17th-century flying allusion. *Sganarelle* is a trifle that would hardly be worth translating if it did not provide the translator with a delightful acting part. The eponymous hero is a citizen who thinks his wife unfaithful on the strength of a series of logically worked out misunderstandings about a portrait, but he cannot rouse up courage enough to seek vengeance on her supposed lover.

At last, like a domestic Falstaff, he comes to consider whether he would rather be dishonoured and alive, than dead with romantic honours thick upon him. Still he feels his angry blood rising. There is only one way to revenge himself on the scoundrel, and that is bold enough. He will go about and tell everyone everywhere that his wife is deceiving him. As an actor Mr. Malleson gives us a

few minutes of comic perfection. As a producer he is less successful, allowing the plot of artificial mischances to amble where it should race lightly along. Only Miss Christine Finn—a promising recruit from the Birmingham Rep.—contrives to keep the spitfire heroine going at something like the farce's natural pace.

Mr. Douglas Seale produces *Tartuffe* in the grand decorative manner as a play within a play, a bewigged orchestra tooting Lully's original music and Louis XIV ready in the royal box to receive the shower of compliments into which Molière with a polite shrug of his shoulders lets one of his greatest comedies dissolve. Again the pace is altogether too slow, but I am told that it has been much quickened since the first night. Anyway there is nothing wrong with the way all the actors attack their parts. Miss Finn is, I think, miscast as Dorine, the servant is delightfully vivacious, but is pert where she should be calmly sensible. Cleante, the scientist who tries reason on his brother-in-law's bewitchment with false piety, is admirably played by Mr. Charles West, Mr. Barrie Ingham carries off the headstrong Damis with spirit, and Miss Rosalind Atkinson brings genuine gusto to the autocratic grandmother.

No comic character as great as *Tartuffe* delays to make his appearance till the third act, and I suppose that no other character in dramatic literature finds his way better prepared. Everything said in the acts from which he is absent is about him.

All that remains for us to discover about the hypocrite wearing the mask of piety is the Iago-like subtlety with which the eternal "confidence man" seeks satisfaction for his greedy, lazy licentious and self-seeking impulses. It is this intellectual subtlety that Mr. Derek Francis's *Tartuffe*, a shrewdly calculating but somewhat commonplace rascal, just misses as Mr. Gerald James's infinitely gullible Orgon just misses the touch of real mania in the man. But Miss Pauline Jameson is good fun as the poised wife who rather enjoys living in the dangerous eyes of temptation; and the whole evening has a pleasantly festive air.

Mr. Wilding makes a come-back

POOOR MR. MICHAEL WILDING had a pretty rough time of it in Hollywood, where he was so grossly miscast that one could assume (in a charitable frame of mind) that nobody over there was capable of appreciating his easy charm and elegance, or (in more suspicious mood) that some malevolent influence was at work to ruin his career. I am happy to report that in the British film, *Danger Within*, Mr. Wilding makes a come-back that it is a pleasure to behold.

The film's setting is a p.o.w. camp for officers in North Italy during the hot summer of 1943. The life there is not too bad and many of the prisoners would willingly endure it "for the duration"—but there are others continually preoccupied with schemes for escape, in which they are enthusiastically encouraged by Mr. Richard Todd, the indefatigable and fanatical head of the Escape Committee.

Several attempts at escape have failed and the prisoners involved have been shot and Mr. Bernard Lee, as the camp's Senior British Officer who feels

CINEMA
by Elspeth
Grant

THE PLAYS:

Sganarelle
Miles Malleson
Christine Finn
Barrie Ingham
Tartuffe
Derek Francis
Pauline Jameson
Rosalind Atkinson

THE FILMS:

Danger within
Richard Todd
Richard
Attenborough
Bernard Lee
Michael Wilding
Dennis Price
dr. Don Chaffey

The hanging tree
Gary Cooper
Maria Schell
Karl Malden
dr. Delmer Daves

Kill or cure
Raymond Pellegrin
Madeleine
Robinson
Bernard Blier
Estella Blain
dr. Herve
Bromberger
("X" Certificate)

himself responsible for the lives of all those under him, takes a grave view of Mr. Todd's activities. Mr. Todd, who is obstinately determined to continue with them at all costs, can find only one explanation for the regularity with which his best-laid schemes have gone wrong: there must be an informer in the camp. And so, it transpires, there is.

His identity is revealed to the audience about half-way through the film but is not discovered by his fellow-prisoners until just before the most daring escape plot of all is to be put into operation. It is Mr. Richard Attenborough, a nice, simple captain, who, in a beautifully played scene, reluctantly arrives at the ugly truth: feeling sick indeed, he passes it on to Messrs. Todd and Lee. As a result, the ingeniously devised mass-escape of nearly 400 prisoners is triumphantly carried out, in broad daylight, according to plan. (Mr. Colin Lesslie, the film's producer, was himself a p.o.w. and tells me that 389 prisoners did in fact effect such an escape from a camp in Lombardy.)

Mr. Wilding gives an exquisitely polished performance as a fastidious Grenadier Guards major who, despite a flippant air, is at heart a dedicated escaper; Mr. Dennis Price is excellent as the camp's actor-manager, busy with a production of *Hamlet*, and Mr. Ronnie Stevens is unexpectedly endearing as a lieutenant whose passion for exploring the sewers is put to the best possible use. I could tell you who the informer is but I won't. What I want to know is *why* he is the informer: the absence of any explanation constitutes the one hole in an otherwise admirably taut, well-written story, which Mr. Don Chaffey has directed with splendid fluency.

There are as many holes in *The Hanging Tree* as you'd find in any colander. What is the unhappy past that has driven Mr. Gary Cooper, a mysterious doctor, to prettily named Skull Creek, Montana, in the 1870s? Who is the handsome boy (Mr. Ben Piazza) Doc finds with a bullet in his shoulder and makes his bond servant? When Doc has saved the eyesight of Swiss-born orphan Fraulein Maria Schell, victim of a stagecoach hold-up, why does he pretend to turn against her, as he is obviously mad about the girl? No idea. One thing you can be sure of, though: the tree of the title is not from the gardens of Babylon—it's just one that stands up strikingly against the sky-line and is thus suitable for an impressive lynching.

The scenery, in Technicolor, is gorgeous—and the film introduces a dirge of the same title which seemed to me nearly as morbid as the one about that unfortunate Tom Dooley: it is soulfully and maddeningly moaned by a (presumably) Mr. Marty Robbins.

If corpses in profusion do not worry you, the French film *Kill Or Cure* (original title *La Bonne Tisane*) may be just your cup of tea. Mlle. Estella Blain, as a probationer nurse, spends one most stimulating night—her first, and it would be my last—at a Paris hospital where, when not attending to her exacting patients, she is warding off the advances of an exigent doctor, Mr. Raymond Pellegrin.

M. Bernard Blier, as an elderly crook newly returned from exile abroad, lands up at the hospital after being shot by a rival racketeer. The efforts of his friends and enemies to snatch him thence before he is identified by the police are hilarious in a gory sort of way and end in the death of just about all of them—except Mlle. Madeleine Robinson who triumphantly survives and prepares to make the most of rich widowhood. The "X" Certificate, I take it, is on account of some of the more gruesome murders rather than the morals of the medical profession.

Louis returns—with some new sidemen

THERE are occasions when one should pay homage to the great names of jazz. Louis "Satchmo" Armstrong is one of those names, and he is playing in Britain today. Few people have captured the public's eye or their fancy in the same way that he has; there are, of course, many explanations, most of which border on the sensational, and few of them do credit to his supremacy in the art of jazz.

In the course of time Satchmo has become a national figure in the United States—one might even say a world-wide figure, in the light of his extensive travels in post-war years—and he has inevitably attracted as many critics as anyone who essays the impossible in the field of popular entertainment. In the main he has been blamed for not playing jazz the way he used to play it in Chicago, as perpetuated in his immortal Hot Five and Hot Seven recording sessions of 1926-28. To a lesser extent he has been hauled over the coals for not playing traditional material all the time—that is to say, material performed *ad nauseam* in New Orleans up to and before 1920. At home he has been accused of overstepping the mark by his interference in domestic politics.

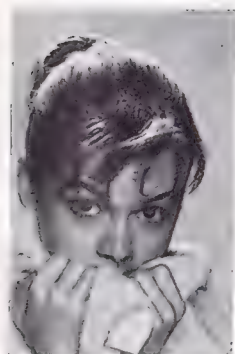
Just how much Louis contributed towards the development of jazz between 1920 and 1950 can be judged by the fact that there are no less than 54 references to him in the index of *The Decca Book Of Jazz* (Frederick Muller Ltd., 40s. 1958) quite apart from a complete chapter devoted to his work from the pen of critic Jeff Aldam. He has, we all accept, made excursions into the not-so-strictly-jazz locale by appearing, mirthfully, with Bing Crosby, the Mills Brothers, and other non-jazz groups. To me it is a testimonial to his greatness that he can subjugate his natural feelings to collaborate with great artists of a basically different outlook.

In England we are apt to look on Satchmo in a rather detached manner—as something of a deity in jazz, to be rated, like Sinatra and Presley, by their fan following. That is an unrealistic attitude, though I would hate to see him come to England and find no fans. With my personal knowledge of him I can take a different view. His exuberance, his modest eccentricities, and that saturating voice move with him wherever he goes. His outlook on life is entirely philosophical; he worships his public as much as they worship him; in common with most jazzmen he hates to be told what to play.

Satchmo has rightly adopted the policy of playing as he pleases. The one-way road which led from New Orleans to Chicago and launched the flood of jazz on America in the late 'twenties has no return stream. Armstrong, like all the other migratory jazzmen, has had to stand on his own merit and development.

His present six-piece All Stars have adopted a widely acceptable style—one based on the old Chicago days—which embraces some of the finest musicians available. Both Trummy Young, trombonist on this visit with Louis, and Billy Kyle, pianist with the All Stars, have a wealth of experience in both big and small band work, and the same can be applied to "Peanuts" Hucko, the clarinettist who replaces Edmund Hall in the band. Hucko came to England two years ago with the Teagarden-Hines band, and previously worked with Glenn Miller and Eddie Condon. The new members of the group are bassist Mort Herbert and drummer Danny Barcelona, both of whom have established a firm reputation in the States.

RECORDS by Gerald Lascelles



Teenager Sandra Dee co-stars in *Gidget*, a story of young love at the seaside. It will come to London in late spring. (N.B. "gidget" means "girl midget")

THE RECORDS:

Satchmo—a musical autobiography
(5 volumes)
12-in. L.P.
£1 17s. 6½d. each
Decca LAT8211-8214

Louis and the good book
12-in. L.P.
£1 17s. 6½d.
Decca LAT8270

Satchmo sings
E.P. 12s. 10½d.
Decca OE9310

The Hon. Mrs. Aubrey Esson-Scott, whose first novel *Return To Spring* has just been published by Robert Hale. She is the daughter of Viscount Falkland



D. L. Lipson

Sheepdogs were in —Brahms was out

BOOKS
by Siriol
H. Jones

THIS WEEK I have been reading some immensely invigorating books about people—the first, *Ethel Smythe*, by Christopher St. John, a fascinating biography of a great woman who was trenchant, forthright, four-square and formidable, and wrote enormous letters from which Miss St. John quotes at length. Ethel Smythe was a turbulent personality given to violent, passionate friendships, some of which proved too intense and demanding for the other participant. She wore a grey tweed suit and a tweed pork-pie hat all the year round, “as if,” Edward Sackville-West writes, “in constant preparation for an assault on the Matterhorn.”

She alarmed Brahms (“I never really cared for Brahms” she remarked briskly), adored her sheepdogs, felt violently about everything, and once purloined the parts from the orchestra pit at Leipzig so that *The Wreckers*, which had been cut in a manner of which she disapproved, could not be performed again. In Egypt she photographed a hermaphrodite in the nude, and wrote about it to Mrs. Pankhurst, who commented “How very like you to have been so thorough and business-like about the hermaphrodite.” And once, after a disagreement, she sent her sister a telegram which read simply “Damn you Mary Hunter, damn you, damn you,” knowing that it would be presented on a silver salver by the butler.

Many great and remarkable people were her devoted friends and admirers, though it must have taken more than a little nerve to embark on a close relationship with her. A great deal of her astonishing vitality has transferred itself to this packed and excellent book—which contains some monumental pictures of its subject, including one gentle and touching photograph of Ethel Smythe when old, with cropped white hair, tweed jacket, knitted waistcoat, and woolly mittens.

Another formidable, larger-than-life character, but far from as admirable and lovable, is the subject of *The Poet As Superman*, by Anthony Rhodes. Gabriele d’Annunzio, “poet, lover, patriot, politician and adventurer”—the jacket rightly starts bang-off with the drum-roll of his various personalities—was a super-colossal wide-screen Technicolor figure who seems to me to have been vain, capricious, deluded, slightly demented, and thoroughly unattractive, in spite of his amazing success with women, to all of whom he appears to have behaved quite remarkably badly.

He used a pint of *eau de Coty* a day, invented scents called *Mousse de Diane* and *Borgia*, arranged for his horses to sleep on Persian rugs and, to offset his gift for flattery and his seductive voice,

had tiny feet, fat arms and legs, bad teeth, no eyebrows or eyelashes, and eyes “the bluish-green of soapy water.” This small, nasty person was adored with absolute and tragic passion by Duse, not to mention other ladies too numerous to count, who sent him demented telegrams all signed Piccola, a pet-name he bestowed on each of them regardless. He wrote a drama called *Le Martyre de Saint Sebastien* for Ida Rubinstein, who was to appear as the martyred saint, a bizarre idea in itself, and horridly telegraphed her “Plan finished. I kiss your bleeding legs.” In spite of the fact that I do not care for d’Annunzio at all, this is a splendidly readable book, full of the awful fascination that must have been exercised by the tiny heart-breaker himself.

To Be Young, by Mary Lutyens, is an adorable, enchanting book about the author’s childhood in the astonishing Lutyens family, her early involvement with Theosophy (her mother’s ruling passion) and her great love for Nitya, the younger brother of Krishnamurti who was being groomed as the Theosophists’ coming Messiah. Her early life (which seems to someone who knows nothing about Theosophy to have been extraordinary), is described with such freshness, tenderness, good sense and wit that the book must be read at a sitting.

The character I love most is the author’s shy, remote father, who spent only one summer holiday with his family, hated having the great Mrs. Besant to stay, made endless jokes, cut out paper angels for Mary, and designed a blackboard top for the dining-room table, with a piece of chalk laid out for each guest. “Especially was the chalk useful when Indian ladies just out of purdah came to dinner and could not open their mouths without instinctively covering the lower part of their faces with their napkins. Mother had a way of sitting on one of her own feet at dinner and more than once fell to the floor when she got up.”

Sir Edwin Lutyens “had a distinctive but pleasant smell somewhat reminiscent of the wood-shavings of a pencil.” One of his favourite joke-drawings was *The Relief of Lady Smith*, “made realistic with the help of mustard”—he was drawing at the dining-room table again. And when it was his turn to amuse the children on Sunday afternoon in the drawing-room, he used to offer a shilling to the one who went to sleep first and straightway take a nap himself. I dearly love this book.

Briefly... about the most enchanting and refreshing book you can find is a new edition by Miss Helen Darbishire of *The Journals Of Dorothy Wordsworth*, so fresh they might have been written yesterday, the touching, spring-green record of a private life lived by a devoted and magical woman. Events are small and personal. It is like a long drink of cool mountain water... Marguerite Steen’s *A Woman In The Back Seat* is all about a cosseted, ultra-feminine young widow who moves out of her extremely U-background to marry a French professor in an English redbrick university, where all the students are intense and bad-mannered and mixed-up to a remarkable degree. She runs into severe problems with her daughter and husband, who seemed to me a rather glum emotional prig in spite of his passionate Latin talent for love, and perhaps not worth all the fuss... and you can now buy the text of Miss Shelagh Delaney’s famous “better than Rattigan” play, *A Taste Of Honey* for a modest sum, and read for yourself the rather splendid and strictly contemporary opening stage-direction: “The stage represents a comfortless flat in Manchester and the street outside. Jazz music. Enter Helen, a semi-whore and her daughter Jo. They are loaded with baggage.” It makes you think.

THE BOOKS:

Ethel Smythe
by Christopher St. John
(Longmans, 30s.)

*The poet as
superman*
by Anthony Rhodes
(Weidenfeld &
Nicolson, 25s.)

To be young
by Mary Lutyens
(Rupert
Hart-Davies, 25s.)

*The journals of
Dorothy Wordsworth*
(Oxford, World’s
Classics, 7s.)

*A woman in the
back seat*
by Marguerite
Steen
(Collins, 15s.)

A taste of honey
by Shelagh
Delaney
(Methuen, 3s. 6d.)

*The Chief Lama
of Ulan Bator, left,
said: “I believe
you have a city
called Canterbury
where there is a
very holy lama
—the Lama
Johnson.” From
The March Wind,
Desmond
Donnelly’s Iron
Curtain
travel book*





THE TATLER

interviews

BERNARD MILES

PHOTOGRAPHED OPPOSITE BY
BARRY SWAEBE IN THE SHELL
OF THE NEW MERMAID THEATRE

MONICA FURLONG reports: *I met Bernard Miles in a builder's hut on the site of his new theatre at Puddle Dock. It was a cold, foggy day, and we had to walk about the place on planks to avoid getting sucked down into an oozing sea of mud. Mrs. Miles cooked us some frankfurters and warmed bottles of wine in front of the electric fire and we sat and talked about the coming theatre. . . .*

Mr. Miles, what made you think of the City as a site for your theatre?

Miles: In 1953 we did a season at the Royal Exchange, and it was a great success—packed out every night in fact—which showed us that the audience was there. So I feel we ought to be able to get them to the Mermaid. We shall do two performances every evening—6.10 and 8.50. The first one will probably attract City workers and the second one people with cars from the West End.

Do you think people will feel like coming here straight from work?

Miles: We are sure of it. Most of the pubs round here are full up until about eight o'clock with people who simply can't face the traffic home. We shall be giving them an alternative place to go.

How many will your theatre accommodate?

Miles: Five hundred. At the first house half of those seats will cost 5s. At the second house one hundred of them will be at 5s. and the rest at 10s. and 15s.

But will people come out from the West End to your second house?

Miles: I think so. For one thing it's not very far—we're only half a mile from the Savoy. For another, there's masses of parking space round here. And for people without cars, we're only a step from Blackfriars Station.

How can you possibly cover your costs with such low prices?

Miles: There's a very simple answer. This is my one stroke of genius. I hope when I'm dead they'll give me just one line in the theatrical biographies saying "Miles, Bernard: No overheads." The City Fathers have allowed us to have the site rent-free, you see, which means that all the money we take at the box-office can go towards the cost of our productions. In most theatres today it is the high overheads which have such a crippling effect.

How long will your productions last?

Miles: About six weeks. Probably a really successful one will go on for ten weeks, and one that is not too good will come off after about five weeks. Not less, because of the necessity of getting our next production ready.

Will you have a core of regular actors here?

Miles: I don't think so. The trouble with that idea is that actors like myself end up playing juveniles, and juveniles have to put on beards and play old men. In the end you find that the casting is deciding the play and not the play the casting. As we're only a 6d. ride on the Tube from the casting agencies it

seems a bit unnecessary. We are going to have a resident producer, though.*

Is any one type of production going to predominate?

Miles: No. We want to have all sorts—revue, pantomime, vaudeville, opera, foreign plays in translation—modern plays possibly predominating. The beauty of the short run is that it will leave actors free to take work on television or elsewhere.

What is the cost of the whole project?

Miles: £62,000. That's for building and equipping it completely, right down to the spoons and forks in the restaurant.

Have you found raising the money a difficult business?

Miles: Well, we've had some worries, but I've rather enjoyed it. People say how embarrassing it is raising money, but I've made some lovely friends doing it. The City, in particular, has been wonderful to us. Businessmen are just beginning to get the idea of patronizing the arts. "Why should we?" they always ask me, and I say, "First of all, for medical reasons. You need something gay and beautiful and light-hearted in the City to stop you getting thrombosis."

(It was at about this point that we started walking round the site. First, down the single concrete tier of the auditorium on to the stage, then up to the dressing-rooms and wardrobe, and finally out to the restaurant which overlooks the water.)

Miles: The architect is Elidir Davies. He has had a lot of experience in designing hospitals, and he says that designing a theatre is in some ways very like designing an operating theatre. I met him one night at a party at Julian Huxley's and I knew at once he was the man I was looking for.

I see that the audience is going to be very close to the stage.

Miles: We are getting back toward the Shakespearian idea of a theatre, you see. You will notice that the stage also has an upstairs—it's the only theatre I know of that has one—just the thing for Juliet's balcony or the walls above Harfleur. We are all very excited over the design, though it can be a dreadful feeling when you see the

* The appointment of Mr. Peter Coe, 29, as resident producer of the Mermaid Theatre has just been announced.

plans begin to take shape in concrete. I wake up in the middle of the night and think, "I must change that," but I can't. It's too late.

Since you are so close to the river is there any danger of your being flooded?

Miles: None at all. We have started the building fifty inches above the point reached by the "highest-ever" tide—the spring tides are very strong along here. There was a lovely dry cellar already here when we came and we were tempted to use it, but it has had to be kept empty to take the water in case of possible flooding.

How did you come to have this particular site?

Miles: I went and looked at the plans for the City long before our negotiations were started at all and thought it would be an ideal situation. Nice and close to the West End of the river and full of history. The last actors ever to perform in the City—a group of barnstormers—played here in 1740. And one of the earliest newspapers was published here at the end of the 17th century—Ichabod Dawkes' Newsletter. Dawkes used to collect foreign news from the sailors coming home up the river and publish it at Puddle Dock. And of course, best of all, Shakespeare used to live just round the corner at St. Andrew's Hill.

What will the restaurant be like?

Miles: There are going to be two restaurants, in fact. One of them will overlook the river—you can see there is a marvellous view in both directions—and the food here will probably be of the smoked salmon variety. In the other restaurant the cost will be about 4s. 6d. and consist of the sort of thing we had for lunch today—frankfurters, home-made bread and butter, and a glass of wine.

What started you off on this whole idea in the first place? Why weren't you content to be an actor?

Miles: I suppose the answer is that I'm not really an actor at all. Oh I know I can do some things quite well, but then there are lots of lovely character actors about. Lots of them. No, I think really I'm a bit of a missionary. Acting and not doing anything else bores me. I want to start things and organize them, and this theatre is something I really believe in.



We chose this in Paris

... coat of immense charm in bouclé curl ... the new bateau neck-line to complement the curved, dropped shoulder. Atop, spring's latest lacy mob-cap. Jewel of the French Collections photographed in Helena Rubinstein's fabulous treasure house on the Quai de Bethune.

Available from Model Coats towards the end of March



Photographed specially for Debenhams by Peter Clark

Pierre Cardin at Debenhams

Debenham & Freebody Wigmore Street London W1 Langham 4444

The 1959 spring collections show Paris in a mood to avoid extremes. Eight pages of pictures interpret the line from each designer

PARIS PLAYS SAFE

FEMININITY RETURNS, outlines are curved and gently rounded and waists are emphasized again. Skirts remain short but sensibly just cover the knee. Suit jackets, usually retaining the straight cut, often stop short enough to expose a serrated waistline. Collars and cuffs are usually cut on little suits and many coats, necklines are deep, wide and revealing. These tend to broaden the effect of the shoulder-line which is nearly always given special attention. Hips, too, are emphasized with this renewed insistence on the waist. They jut out into skirts which narrow towards the hemline. There is no inhibition about colour—almost anything goes—but there is a special insistence on blonde shades. That delicate wisteria mauve is still in abundance; there are many warm apricots, melon pinks, peacock greens and blues. Prints, particularly gossamer fine silk chiffon or organza, will float like cobwebs across the Paris scene this summer. There are no fireworks in these Collections but an immense variety of beautiful, wearable clothes to rejoice the women who found that last season's extreme styles were disastrous to all but professional models. Paris, in fact, has wisely returned to making *couture* that can only be successfully copied by skilled craftsmen

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
MICHEL MOLINARE

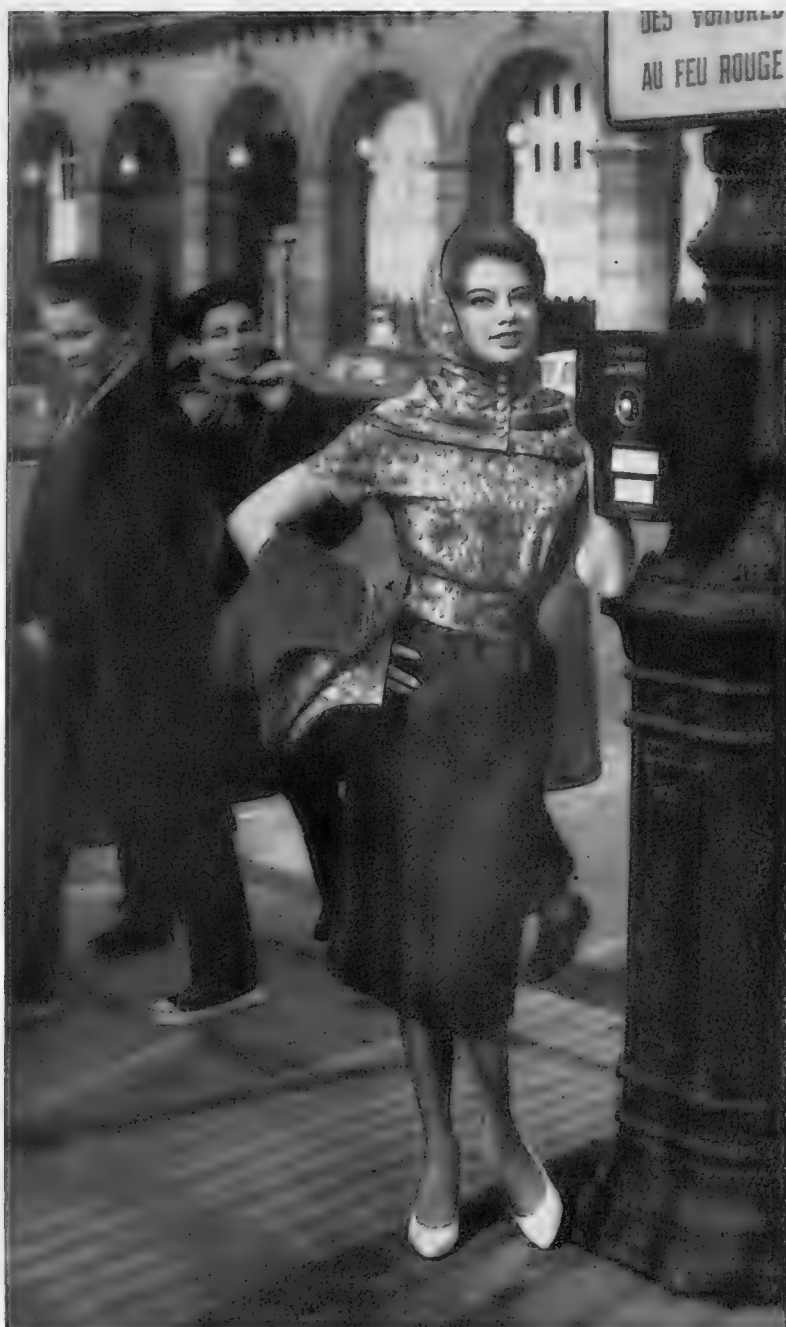
Christian Dior: Yves St. Laurent chose many silks and chiffons for his summer dresses. They are light as thistle-down, deceptively simple, exquisitely made. Here a multi-toned green-printed fine silk billows in the breeze. Note the broad buckled belt, the clear-cut lines of the toning hat of fine baku straw (no flowers, feathers or fuss), the massed rows of green tinted crystal beads



PARIS PLAYS SAFE *continued*

ON THE COVER (photographed in Paris by Michel Molinare): The house of Patou showed this season a young, provocative collection with a clear line. Their dress on the cover is in black spotted white with a short bolero bodice-line and the sleeves the exact length of its hem. The waist is restricted by a stiff black cummerbund. Available in London towards the end of March at Debenham & Freebody.

Guy Laroche: Not unnaturally the *avant-garde* of young French designers has a sympathy with youth. Many of Guy Laroche's models could have been specially designed for the campus or a girl's first on-leaving-school clothes. His suit in sapphire blue wool has a straight collarless jacket lined with the same multi-coloured silk that is used for the loose-fitting blouse. Worn with the suit is a hood of the same silk, fastening under the chin



Pierre Cardin: This designer adores colour and is inspired by visits to the Far East to use unconventional combinations. With this suit of hibiscus pink wool, for example, he teams a coffee brown lace straw hat and toning crystal beads. Note the very individual neckline and short jacket

Guy Laroche: Another suit that is typical of many in this collection, short jacketed, collarless with just-over-the-elbow sleeves and peg-top skirt. Made in an orange and oatmeal check tweed, the neckline is gathered with fullness concentrated on the shoulders. Under it is worn a little chemise blouse in natural linen



PARIS PLAYS SAFE *continued*



Pierre Cardin again splashes into colour with his wild silk suit in a vibrant cyclamen. Note the "fish scale" motif on the collar which was often repeated on other models. Available in London at Debenham & Freebody at the end of March



Pierre Balmain uses many shell frills in his collection and here in a dress of navy silk organza employs this motif on the tiered collar, the pouched sleeves and in a cascade down the front of the skirt. Available in London at Debenham & Freebody at the end of March



Jacques Heim uses celestial blue silk for an "occasional" dress with a wide swathed neckline and cuffed three-quarter length sleeves. He, in company with St. Laurent and Cardin, chooses a wide inverted brimmed hat of a slightly deeper blue



Above: **Pierre Balmain's** coat in sky blue and wistaria check is casually belted and worn over a white wool dress with sweeping sloped shoulders. For tailormades he prefers completely untrimmed pillbox hats

Above, right: **Guy Laroche** uses a taupe and white check wool for a distinctly teenage dress cut with a bolero bodice which reveals a tightly belted waistline. Note again the collarless neckline, the sleeves cut short at the waistline

Below: Guy Laroche's casual coat of a rough surfaced white tweed. Fastening with a single button, the sloping shoulders fall away from a tiny neckline and the sleeves are caught up over the elbow. The coat is designed to be worn with the Laroche dress (opposite page)

Below, left: Pierre Balmain's "envelope back" coat in a navy and white fleck tweed. Note the emphasis on the wide extended shoulder-line, the loosely-tied neckline, the seven-eighths coat. Worn under it is a blouse of navy chiffon edged with the tweed

LAYS SAFE *continued*



PARIS PLAYS

SAFE *continued*



Christian Dior: If not so practical, the long dinner dress is more gracious, and decidedly more elegant than the little short dress that has enjoyed pride of place for so long. St. Laurent designs the most feminine of dresses in the palest shell pink silk organza and confines the waist in a broad belt

Pierre Balmain: The ultimate in sophistication is expected from this house. His white satin sheath with its strapless shoulder-revealing bodice is worn with a jacket heavily embroidered with cascades of real coral

BEAUTY

Shampoo and breakfast, Madame?

by JEAN CLELAND

HAIRDRESSERS ARE making news with innovations designed to lure even the busiest women into their salons. The old excuse, about not being able to spare the time, is no longer valid. In French of London's new salon in the May Fair Hotel, for instance, visitors who want to get off to an early start can have their breakfast while under the dryer. In addition they can deal with their mail and dictate replies to a stenographer.

At the other end of the day, service is given until eight o'clock every night at John Cornet's New Victoria Salon. This is a boon for business girls who can have their hair done after office hours, and also for women who come to London for the day and want to crowd in as much as possible. They can shop until the stores close, have their hair done and then go on to a theatre. For those who are slimming, John Cornet has special diet lunches, which are based on the theories of Gayelord Hauser. The menus contain the necessary vitamins together with fresh fruit juice, all for the modest price of 4s.

Steiner of Grosvenor Street is out to solve the troublesome problem of which to do first—choose the hat and the ensemble and have the hair done afterwards, or vice versa. On 10 March he opens a new salon in Wetherall's shop up in Leicester. From what he tells me this is going to be a luxurious affair. The ladies of Leicester will be able to select their new outfit and then have their hair styled to suit.

This kind of link-up opens up all sorts of possibilities for hair colouring, which is becoming almost as much a matter of course as make-up. A woman with grey hair choosing grey or blue tweed could add considerable charm to her appearance by a little skilful highlighting with one of the subtle shades that come in the modern rinses. Or, she could buy a bottle of Steiner's Starmist and give her hair a few highlights

herself by just touching it up here and there. There are, of course, endless variations, all wonderfully effective especially in the case of in-between colourless hair—"mousy" to give it the right description—which can be given warmth and glow so that it looks quite lovely with country shades such as "bracken," mushroom and brown.

In Dublin one hairdresser goes a step further. Any client who feels that her skirt or dress is a little creased or in need of freshening up, can ask for a smock, and have her garments pressed—and if necessary sponged—while she is under the dryer.

Perhaps one day we shall have our hair set and styled by remote control, wasting no time at all.

Many people are complaining now that their hair will not stay nicely set for more than a day or so after it has been done. This is largely due to the cold weather which dries the hair, and makes it fly out whenever it is combed. To correct this, the scalp must have nourishment. Special treatments are given at most of the salons, for replacing the natural oils.

Failing this, a nourishing treatment can be given at home. Make small partings all over the head, and massage a little warm oil, not too much, well into the scalp. Press down on to the head with the tips of the fingers as you do so, and move the scalp to and fro, round and round, starting at the base of the head, and working up to the crown. This stimulates both the circulation and the oil glands. Continue the massage for about five minutes, then wrap the head in a hot towel. When the towel cools take another hot one, and continue using them alternately for ten minutes or more if you have time.

A treatment of this kind is best done the night before the hair is to be shampooed and set. It should make it much more manageable. Don't counteract the good effect when you go to the hairdresser by letting him—or her—use things that dry it out again. Ask for an oil shampoo, or anything else that will prove nourishing (most hairdressers have their own special ones). Ask also for a little reconditioning cream, and if you have lacquer or any kind of spray before going out, to keep the hair in place, avoid anything that is too hard or too strong. Ask for one of the gentle ones with some sort of softening ingredient to prevent drying



ICE MAIDEN, sleek and simple with a gilt and pearl headband. By Steiner, like the styles below



EGGHEAD: slightly asymmetrical, with a half-curl fringe



DÉBUTANTE: perfectly balanced for the oval face



John Cole

SOULMATE: careful casualness suggests a parting

The Tatler's
Spring Fashion

number is published

NEXT WEEK

Counter spy

On the track of new tools for the kitchen

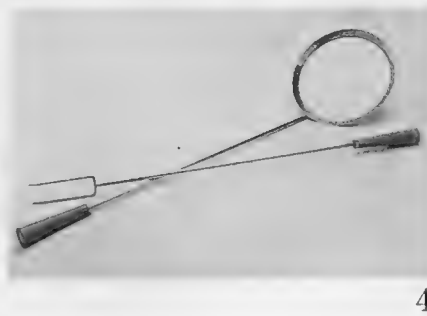
PHOTOGRAPHS BY NEIL PEPPE AT HANWAY STUDIO



2



3



4

For conscientious cooks, Smiths have recently produced a one-hour Ringer Timer to remind you of "what's cooking." It has an easy-to-set dial in Perspex with grids at the side to enable it to be turned without trouble. The stand is in various colour combinations. When the Ringer is put down, it is on a slant so that a quick glance will tell whether there is just time to do one other chore. When time is up, there is a loud ring, much easier to hear than the bleat-like "ping" some timers give. It is available from jewellers, large stores and electrical dealers throughout the country and only costs 25s.

For nervous cooks who worry about burglars at the kitchen door (or any other door) Maestro-vox have produced a fool-proof alarm approved by Scotland Yard. It is called the RinGo system. Price: 7 gns., obtainable from all retail electrical shops.

Minette Shepard

- 1 From a famous Continental firm, Moulinex. A selected range of their electric devices for the kitchen is at last being imported into this country. On the left is their Universal Grinder which has a Perspex top and can be switched easily on and off by a small button at the side. Price: about 3 gns. The mincer, small and light, can be steadied by a practically shaped handle. Moulinex claim that anything put in comes out minced with positively no waste. Price: about 7 gns. Available through leading departmental stores
- 2 Another famous name, but an English one, is Prestige. One of the latest designs for their vast range of copper-bottomed stainless steel kitchenware is this double-boiler. The lower half can be used separately. Price: about £5 9s. 6d. from Selfridges and Kendal Milne (Manchester)
- 3 Oven-to-table ware is in such demand that Thikbas (a Welsh firm) have brought out these two new designs to add to their already established range. The casserole with side handles and the skillet have outsides of black, insides of blue and lids in red, white or yellow. Available through most leading stores, and cheaper than the imported steelware ranges, they both come in two sizes. Prices: about 41s. 7d. and 27s. 9d. for the casseroles, and 39s. 10d. and 28s. 3d. for the skillets
- 4 A nickel-plated barbecue set consisting of a pan and fork with long handles finished with wood, 32s. 6d. This is an example of the economical and clean-cut household and cooking articles designed by Hamish Miller, of which Betty Hope, 19 Beauchamp Place, S.W.3, has a wide selection. His household articles, such as an umbrella stand, are made in stove-enamelled metal, and his cooking utensils in nickel



1

PASSPORT continued from p. 386

women are not accustomed to buying "off the peg," and you will see few models—but almost anything can be made to measure, within 24 to 48 hours.

Boutiques attached to the big houses such as Fontana, Capucci and Simonetta all start at about 80,000 lire (roughly £45), but the smaller, independent ones will make up from 20 to 30,000 lire which, considering the cut and workmanship, is a bargain indeed. In the narrow, elegant Via Sistina, for example, Lora will make up from 20,000 (£11 10s.), and she has attractive costume jewellery at around the 6,000 mark. Milo, in the same street, specializes in knitted dresses and sweaters. In the Piazza di Spagna is Greta, a good shop for blouses (starting at 6,000 lire).

A stone's throw away, in the Via Borgonona, are two of the best boutiques, Kami and Annamodes, neither of which is expensive. More good ones are Desiree and Marcella in the Via Frattina. There are, of course, numerous shoe shops (prices from 3,000 to 7,000 lire), and Luciana, in the Via della Vite, design original and elegant costume jewellery, with ear-rings from 5,000 lire. Look for antiques along the Via de Coronari, and glassware and décor in the Via Margutta. Also worth a visit in this line is Myricae, with one branch in the Via Frattina and another in the Via Barberina.

The shopping area is, as I have indicated, compact and walkable, and if you are pressed for time in Rome, one hard day should suffice to make some satisfactory buys. Should you, in your ardour, be assailed by an attack of shoppers' feet, visit one of Rome's most famous tea-rooms, Greco's, in the Via Condotti. This highly atmospheric establishment, with its marble tables, gilt and plush, is a monument to the days when Stendhal, Browning and Gounod patronized it—their minds on anything but bargains. Framed letters decorate the walls, and busts of its most famous patrons contemplate the well-heeled customers of today with benevolent rebuke. They serve as a timely reminder that Rome has a variety of other passions to offer.



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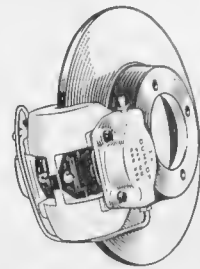
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MOTORING

Spring forecast for Geneva

by GORDON WILKINS

NEXT WEEK THE big international motor show opens at Geneva with a sparkling array of spring car fashions. The whisper is that Fiat will be staging a big bid for the medium-car market with a new model to replace the obsolete 1400 and 1900. Some of the 1959 American models have not yet been seen in Europe.

Geneva may provide a chance to inspect the most exclusive of them all, the Cadillac Eldorado Brougham which is made in America, but trimmed and finished by Pinin Farina in Italy. While the low-priced small cars have been winning a growing share of the American popular market, Rolls-Royce



Cadillac's Eldorado Brougham: G.M.'s reply to Rolls-Royce

and Bentley have been making inroads into the champagne-and-sables sector and this is the General Motors reply.

The aids to gracious living include air conditioning, air suspension, cruise control which keeps car speed steady on motorways, an autronic eye which dips the headlamps when other cars approach, electric door locks and power assistance for every conceivable operation including steering, braking, opening and closing windows and ventilators, raising trunk lid, adjusting the seats and washing the windscreen. The quarter windows slide back automatically when the rear doors are opened so as to make entry easier. They close again when the door shuts. The price is 13,075 dollars, which suggests a price tag of something over £12,000 including tax if one ever finds its way into England. It is interesting to see that on this, their showpiece, General Motors have swung away from the extreme wrap-round screen which they pioneered.

However, Britain seems likely to have more new and improved cars on view than any other country. The Wolseley 15/60, the Austin A.55 and MG Magnette will all be

making their first motor show appearance and one never knows when another of these Farina-bodied permutations may pop up. Vauxhall now admit frankly that the appearance of the original Victor was far from pleasing to everyone, but they hope that the Series 2 which is being introduced will "earn lots more friends and disarm the former critics."

The fact that the biggest motor corporation in the world, with unmatched styling and market research facilities, could put into production a design which got such a mixed reception must be encouraging to those who have to struggle along with fewer men in the whole factory than General Motors has in its styling departments. But a comprehensive job of restyling has been done involving a new bonnet, grille, bumpers, side-lamps and tail-lamps, a new rounded front to the roof panel, new rear doors, rear wings and trunk lid. Front seats are redesigned, giving more comfort and more foot room for rear passengers and the door trim is new. There is a new de luxe saloon with separate front seats, two-tone leather upholstery, pile carpets with felt underlays, wheel trim rings and two-tone exterior at no extra cost.

The new models benefit from twelve



The Vauxhall Victor de Luxe: in search of new friends

improvements to items such as accelerator, fuel filler, window frames, heater and exhaust system, besides a thorough overhaul of manufacturing methods. This has improved the fit and finish of the coachwork, the quality of paintwork and body sealing, and the accuracy and assembly of engine parts, gearbox and rear axle in the two years since the car was introduced. Basic price of the Estate car is cut by £15; price of Victor and Victor Super rise by £7 and £10 respectively. Victor De Luxe as illustrated

costs £565 basic; £848 17s. with tax.

Ford's spring collection includes Consuls, Zephyrs and Zodiacs with numerous improvements to external appearance and completely restyled interiors. Slimmer roof panels reduce the height by 1½ in., but head room is unimpaired because softer seats introduced some time ago give a lower seating position. Stainless-steel gutters and new bright frames for windscreen and rear window complete the treatment above the waistline.

New modern tail-lamps improve both Consul and Zephyr and the Consul gets the same long rear wings as the Zephyr, greatly improving the line. The Consul also comes into line with other models by having stainless instead of painted window frames, while the Consul de Luxe and Zodiac now have full wheel discs in bright metal. All three models have armrests on all doors, those on the Zodiac being adjustable for height.

Interiors have been glamorized with new slim instrument clusters under foam-filled crash pads. All models, except the standard Consul, have half horn-rings; controls are redesigned with decorative knobs and a new twist-release hand brake is grouped on a



The Ford Consul de Luxe: sleeker and slimmer

separate bright panel with radio controls, ashtray and (on de luxe models) a cigarette lighter. A wide choice of upholstery materials and patterns includes hide, rayon and nylon to complete better-looking cars, more convenient to use, at no increase in the price.

Although intended primarily for commercial travellers and other business users, the new Wolseley Fleet model is being bought by people who appreciate a lively car at a low price. Finish is in painted metal and plastic instead of timber and leather, which brings twin advantages: a reduction of nearly £50 in the inclusive price and the prospect of slightly increased performance because of the lower weight.

The Wolseley 1500 and the Riley 1.5, its close cousin, have been unkindly referred to as four-door two-seaters. As a type it has had a disappointing reception in Australia where it is sold with different front ends under the names of Austin Lancer and Morris Major. There was to have been a Morris version offered here with a bigger trunk and large, circular, tail lamps, but it was abandoned and the Fleet model Wolseley has arrived instead. High-g geared for fast cruising at low engine revolutions, it has a lower compression ratio than other B.M.C. models, so it does not hammer out a demand for premium-grade fuel every time you accelerate. The rear seats are quite comfortable for growing children although not generous for adults.

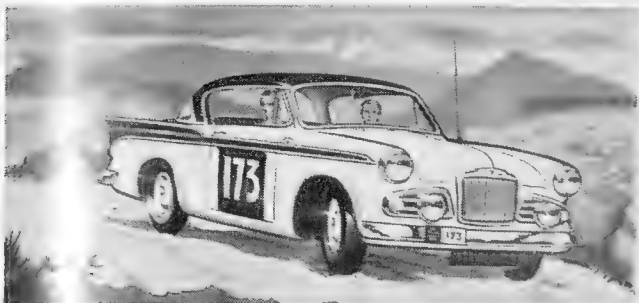
RECORD-BREAKING RALLY WINS for the SUNBEAM RAPIER



Team prizes, trophies, first places in several important international events and a coveted 'Coupe des Alpes'—this impressive list of motoring honours had already been collected in 1958 by the formidable new Sunbeam Rapier—only six months after its introduction!



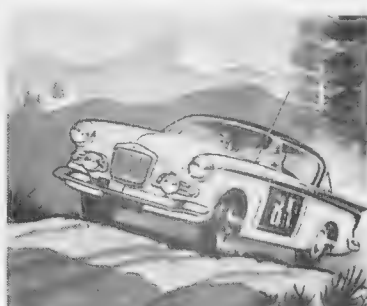
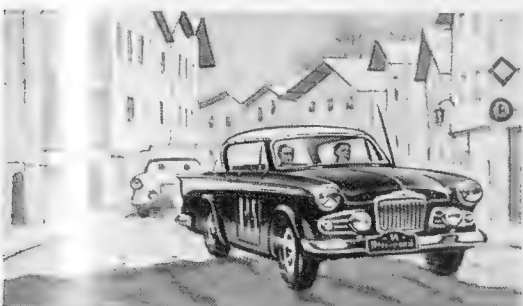
In the famous '58 Monte Carlo Rally, the Stuart Trophy for the highest placed British car went to Sunbeam Rapier. Finishing fifth in overall classification, driver Peter Harper arrived at Monte Carlo after a penalty-free 2,000 mile dash across Europe from Sweden.



A new Sunbeam Rapier, making its competition debut, won outright Britain's 'toughest ever' international R.A.C. Rally. After 2,000 miles of snow and icy roads, Sunbeam clinched its victory with a magnificent performance in the final manoeuvrability tests.



In the gruelling 4-day Circuit of Ireland's International Rally, which led competitors from Belfast to Tramore, Killarney, Londonderry and Bangor, two new Sunbeam Rapiers took 1st and 2nd places in the popular 'closed car over 1300 c.c. class'. The winning team was J. E. Dowling and C. J. Atkinson; John Peile and R. Bell drove the other successful Sunbeam.



The Vosges, Jura and Auvergne mountains and the French Alps were in the route of the six-day Dutch Tulip Rally. Three works-entered Sunbeam Rapiers were awarded the coveted manufacturers' team prize.

More glory for 2 new Sunbeam Rapiers in the '58 Scottish Rally 1st and 3rd places in the up-to-2600 c.c. class for modified touring cars.

2,600 miles of incredibly narrow, twisting mountain passes make the Alpine Rally one of Europe's toughest motoring events. A Sunbeam Rapier arrived unpenalised at Marseilles to win a class victory and a coveted 'Coupe des Alpes.'



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DINING IN

Food for the non-eaters

by HELEN BURKE

WITH ALL THIS influenza about (I've had it myself not once but twice) it occurred to me that a few notes on food for folk who cannot eat might be worth considering.

For the first three days, if my experience is general, the very thought of food is repugnant. Not even wafer-thin slices of starch-reduced bread, toasted to palest gold, are acceptable. Only hot fruit drinks like strained weak lemon, orange or pineapple juice can tempt the victim.

A friend who telephoned me when my temperature was round about 103 gave me her "only way" to make a good lemon water. I can now recommend it. Take as many lemons as you wish, wash them thoroughly in fairly hot water, then cut them into thin slices. Place them in a jug with sugar or glucose to taste and pound them for several minutes with a wooden spoon. Barely cover them with boiling water and pound them a little more.

Fill up the jug with boiling water. Strain this lemon liquid into a glass—one quarter, one third or one half full, as desired—and fill up with boiling water.

Needless to say, someone else will do all this. It is useless to expect a man to provide invalid dishes, which require great skill, unless he is a gifted cook. Another thing: the recognized so-called invalid fare may not do at all. Milk may, and in all probability will, be anathema. Eggs, too, in any form. It is just the flu at work harrying us and destroying our taste buds. So, for as long as one feels that way, sticking to liquids can do no harm.

Lemon barley-water is excellent and nourishing. Any man or child can make it. Wash two ounces pearl barley and cover it with cold water. Bring to the boil and strain. Pour one quart boiling water over the barley. Add the thinly peeled rind of half a lemon and sugar or glucose. Leave until cold then strain again.

Blackcurrants are most valuable. I suggest that you get a bottle of blackcurrant juice and give it to the patient, diluted with water. I cannot emphasize too strongly the need for weak solutions of anything.

Barley gruel is another acceptable and sustaining liquid. Mix a tablespoon of patent barley powder with a little cold water. Stir into it $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ pint boiling water. Add a few grains of salt and a pinch of sugar. Bring to the boil and simmer for five minutes.

Fish seems to be almost the first solid food the convalescent can accept. If you like steamed fish, here is a good way to deal with it: place a skinned fillet of sole or other white fish on a buttered plate. Sprinkle it with lemon juice or milk and pepper and salt to taste. Invert another plate on top, stand it over a pan of boiling water and steam the fish until it is properly opaque.

But the first meal for me, perfectly cooked by the man of the house, was a nice small English cod steak, buttered and grilled on one side only. This, after gallons of lemon water, was a dish to remember.

Chicken and rice (*Poulet au Riz*) is a wonderful dish with which to return to normal meals. Easiest and most successful way is to buy one of those ready cleaned and trussed young roasters, costing about 10s. 6d. Let cold water run through and over it. Rub it all over

with cut lemon and place it in a casserole with a chopped onion, a sliced carrot or two, the giblets, a little salt and pepper, a bouquet garni of a small bay leaf, a spray of parsley and a sprig each of thyme and rosemary and water almost to cover. Bring to the boil, then simmer, covered, for 40 minutes.

Meanwhile, wash and drain four ounces Patna rice. Cover it with boiling water, leave for 15 minutes, then drain and add it to the chicken. Continue simmering until the rice is cooked.

By selecting a young roaster, cooking time is greatly shortened and, more important, there is little fat on it—and that is exactly right for a convalescent.

For supper, any evening, I know of no dish more conducive to a decent night's rest than plain bread and milk.



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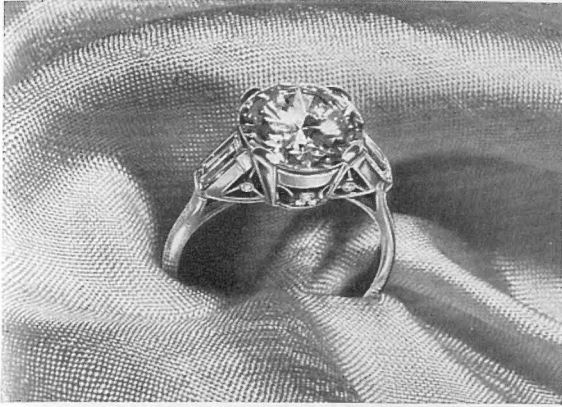
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DINING OUT

Rustle me some spaghetti

by ISAAC BICKERSTAFF

THE SPAGHETTI BARBECUE organized by Leslie Frewin at Crosby Hall in Chelsea was quite an excitement. A large percentage of the guests were dressed up in cowboy outfits or at least bright shirts, blue jeans and big hats. This puzzled me until I learned that all the macaroni and spaghetti made in this country comes from a special variety of wheat grown in Canada.

Owing to the crush it was a considerable feat to consume a plateful of Lumachi (one of the more unusual Pastas) with Bolognese Sauce (my choice from the menu) without dropping the lot. Some people were not so fortunate and walking became a hazard. Especially when my old friend, Canadian-born Cal McCord, one time rodeo rider and now a Western personality on radio and television, drew his guns and fired them in mid-air, trying to clear some space for a square dance.

It was a gay affair and I have always had a weakness for the Pasta family in all its forms.

Crosby Hall has an extraordinary history. It appears to have been built originally in Bishopsgate in 1466 by John Crosby, Alderman and Member of Parliament for London. It became a white elephant until Richard, Duke of Gloucester, took up the tenancy in 1483, among its subsequent landlords being Sir Thomas More and King Edward VI.

Having survived the Great Fire of London, the Hall was burnt out by a conflagration of its own. It ceased to be a residential mansion, and became a warehouse.

By 1852 the lease had run out and Crosby Hall was scheduled for demolition, the site having been acquired to build new and more modern premises. But after much uproar and worthy sentiment, it was decided that a monument of such historical value could not be destroyed. It was dismantled and the bits and pieces presented to the L.C.C., who only accepted them on the condition that a site and funds for re-erection were

provided from public subscription.

There must have been plenty of money available in those days because the expense of dismantling Crosby Hall and re-erecting it in Chelsea must have been immense.

So there it was—in Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, in 1959—filled with spaghetti eaters, the Blue Grass Boys playing Hill-Billy music, and Cal McCord with golden spiky spurs on his high-heeled riding boots, toting his six-shooters. There, too, was actor Robert Beatty in what looked like authentic Canadian lumberjack's clothes (he ought to know, he comes from Canada), having a gay time posing for a mass of press photographers with the British Spaghetti Queen, Miss Geraldine Lynton. She won the spaghetti-eating competition at last year's Soho Fair and wore a costume

made entirely of spaghetti at the barbecue. Apparently it took half a mile of spaghetti, or sufficient for thirty helpings, to make the skirt. Even the top was made of spaghetti, macaroni, vermicelli, lumachi, alphabets, bows, noodles, rigatoni, and "doodle shapes not commonly seen in the shops."

Quite apart from the savoury aromas coming from the different sauces being cooked to go with the various Pastas, the air was pungent with the scent from the tankards of hot Rum Punch. This was served in profusion—with red and white Portuguese wine as an alternative.

Lunacy run riot you might well think but everybody seemed to be enjoying themselves immensely, including the Mayor and Mayoress of Chelsea, Alderman and Mrs. Basil Marsden-Smedley.



Cal McCord
(with Ladybird):
for him square
dancing and
spaghetti



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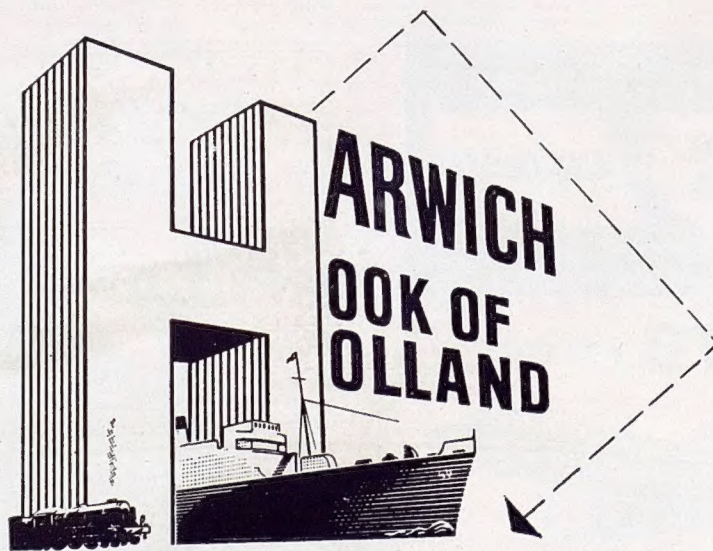
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PRINTED IN ENGLAND by Odhams (Watford) Ltd., St. Albans Road, Watford, Herts, and published weekly by Illustrated Newspapers Ltd., Ingram House 195-199 Strand, London, W.C.2. 4 March, 1959. Re-entered as Second-class Matter, 9 January, 1941, at the Post Office at New York, N.Y., under the Act of 3 March, 1879. © 1959 ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LTD.—ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

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